

war, nothing is more striking than the modesty and self-restraint of the one and the arrogance and boastfulness of the other.

The Moscow Gazette, the able but unscrupulous journal edited for so many years by M. Katkoff, boldly advocated the indiscriminate slaughter of Japanese wounded. "In our war with Japan we are like a man attacked by a viper. It is not enough to frighten it and leave it to hide in a bush, it must be destroyed; and we must do this without considering whether England and the cosmopolitan plutocracy object or not. To burden Russia with thousands of Japanese prisoners, spreading dysentery, typhus, and cholera among the Russian people, would perhaps be in accordance with humanitarian principles, but it would be very unwise. No quarter and no prisoners should be our motto."

The reply of the Japanese "viper" to the Moscow Gazette's cry of "no quarter" finds expression in action as follows. In the first place, the

Japanese newspaper press treats its enemy with what seems to me extraordinary fairness and generosity. Every exploit or achievement of the Russian armies that deserves commendation is either recognized or praised. In the second place, Japan treats the wounded soldiers of her enemy better, in some respects, than her own. They are humanely dealt with on the battlefield and skilfully cared for in hospitals; their daily ration is more generous than that of wounded Japanese; their mail goes without postage, and packages for them pay neither customs duty nor freight; and detailed statements of their condition in respect to health are made at short intervals to the French Legation for transmission to Russia. In the third place, the squadron of Admiral Kamimura rescued from the sinking cruiser "Rurik" the very same Russian sailors who torpedoed the Japanese transport "Hitachimaru," and who afterwards fired on her survivors as they were swimming in the water.—The Outlook.

IN HIS FOOTPRINTS.

BY AMY PARKINSON.

Weary? Oh, yes! for the road is so rugged,
And long seems the time till earth's shadows shall flee;
But what is my weariness, when I remember
How wayworn and footsore my Lord was for me?

Down from His kingdom of gladness and glory
Came He to earth, with its grief and its gloom;
And bore such sad burthens as mortals can know not,
O'er a rough pathway from cradle to tomb—

All for my sake: for He knew I could enter
The mansions of light through His guidance alone,
And in His great love He had long since prepared me
A dwelling of joy near His radiant throne;

So He counted it nothing to toil and to anguish,
And gave not one thought to the griefs He must bear:
But hastened to make a plain path for my treading,
That I in His glory might fail not to share.

Then what though the road is uneven and dreary?—
It is marked by His footprints Who loved me so well;
And I follow it thankfully, sure that its ending
Will bring me safe Home, in His presence to dwell.

Toronto.